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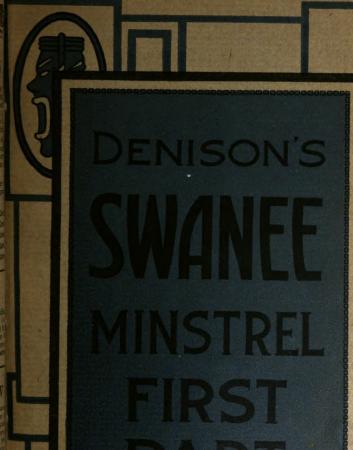
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# DENISON'S MINSTREL WINDOW CARDS

In Tron Colors

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nd yellow

 Per Dozen, Postpaid
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 Minstrel Tambo
 Per 100, Postpaid
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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
623 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

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### SWANEE MINSTREL FIRST-PART

## A COMPLETE ROUTINE FOR THE CIRCLE

JOHN E. LAWRENCE

AUTHOR OF

"Dixie Minstrel First-Part," "Jubilee Minstrel First-Part," "Safety Razors First," etc.





CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The Swanee Minstrel First-Part is designed for use in conjunction with Denison's Searchlight Opening Chorus and Finale, together with a select program of Denison's minstrel songs. The routine is arranged for the usual male minstrel circle, and with a few changes may be made to serve the purpose for mixed minstrels, or for novelty minstrel performances. All the songs in the book are protected by copyright, and the lyrics are used here by special permission.

#### SWANEE MINSTREL SONG PROGRAM

		Price
1.	Searchlight Opening Chorus	\$0.75
2.	"He's a Small-Town Sport"	.30
3.	"When I Hear a Lullaby, It Brings Back Home,	
	Sweet Home"	
4.	"Tony Barroni"	.30
5.	"I Missed My Train"	.30
6.	"Dreams, Dreams, Dreams"	.30
<i>7</i> .	"I'm the Kid That Built the Pyramid"	.30
	"A Coon's Doxology"	
9.	"Gee! I Wish I Had a Sweetheart Just like You"	.30
10.	"Unconsciously"	
	"My Trixie from Dixieland"	
	Finale (included with opening chorus)	

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taken a cigarette from his pocket and is now about to light it). Mr. Fitch, don't light that cigarette.

FITCH. Why not?

INTER. Because I don't allow smoking during this performance.

FITCH (grumbling). Oh, all right. (Puts cigarette in

pocket.)

INTER. Let me tell you something, Mr. Fitch. When I was a small boy, my father told me that if I didn't quit smoking cigarettes, I would grow up to be half-witted.

Fiтcн. Well, why didn't you quit?

INTER. (rising and announcing). Mr. Bangs will sing "He's a Small-Town Sport."

(BANGS advances down to footlights and sings.)

#### Song

Up in the hills of New Hampshire
Lives a rube named Silas Greer;
He's just as fly as a rube can be;
Says, "City folks got nothin' on me."
Goes to the drug store ev'ry night,
Drinks two sodies and goes home tight;
Wears his hair sleeked back, and then
You will find him posing in the "five and ten."

#### Chorus

He's a small-town sport, wears a size twelve collar; Only last July he spent a half a dollar; Folks in the village were heard to say, "Si gets his notions from the Great White Way." He's a small-town sport, very fond of chickens, Goes to moving pictures ev'ry day; He's got fifty-seven dollars set aside, they say; There'll be something doing when he hits Broadway.

(For an encore, the entire company may sing the chorus, while the soloist may perform an awkward, shuffling rube dance, if he has any talent for eccentric dancing; if not, he

may simply strut up and down the stage, in imitation of the small-town sport, and join the others in the singing.)

DUNN (to Interlocutor). I saw you walking around with that fat man that stays at the hotel where I work.

INTER. You mean Sir James Smith?

DUNN. Yes. Say, he's fat, ain't he? He must have been built when meat was cheap.

INTER. Sir James is quite stout.

DUNN. I'll say he's stout. He looks like the back end of a truck going up hill. I'll bet he eats a lot.

INTER. Oh, no; he's not a heavy eater.

DUNN. Then he must eat lots of soldier food.

INTER. What is soldier food?

DUNN. Food that goes to the front. He sent his shirt down to the laundry, but they sent it back with a note, saying, "We don't do up tents." When he first came here, he had appendicitis, and they called in six doctors, but they couldn't decide what to do.

INTER. Why not?

DUNN. Three of them wanted to operate, and the other three wanted to blast. What nationality is he?

INTER. He's English.

DUNN. He looks more as if he was Bulgin.

INTER. That's enough about Sir James. He is a gentleman and a K. C. B.

DUNN. What does K. C. B. mean?

INTER. It means that Sir James is a knight—a Knight of the Bath.

Dunn. Hey?

INTER. You appear to be very stupid this evening. Don't you know what Knight of the Bath is?

DUNN. Sure. Night of the bath is Saturday night.

INTER. What have you got against Sir James, that you are doing all this knocking?

DUNN. I don't like the way he brags about England. I wait at the table where he eats, and every time I serve him anything, he says that they have something bigger and better in England—bigger oranges, bigger peaches, and so on. One

taken a cigarette from his pocket and is now about to light it). Mr. Fitch, don't light that cigarette.

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FITCH (grumbling). Oh, all right. (Puts cigarette in pocket.)

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day I brought him in a big canteloupe and put it on the table. He said, "That's a very fine apple, but not nearly as big as the apples in England."

INTER. (laughing). What did you say?
DUNN. I said, "That ain't an apple; that's a grape." INTER. Good for you. That settled him, of course.

DUNN. No, it didn't. He looked at it a minute and said. "It's a nice grape but rather small." But I got square with him.

INTER. Tell us about it.

DUNN. I went down to the river and caught a big snapping turtle, brought it up to the hotel, and put it in his bed. That night when he went to his room, I was waiting just outside of the door. Pretty soon I heard a yell, and I opened the door and ran in. There was Sir James, hopping around the floor and yelling, "Take it off! Take it off!" I grabbed the turtle and made it let go of the toe. "What in the world is it?" said Sir James. "It's an American bedbug," says I. "Have you got them bigger than that in England?"

INTER. (rising and announcing). Mr. Noah Nightingale will now sing us that charming ditty of home and mother, "When I Hear a Lullaby, It Brings Back Home, Sweet

Home."

(Soloist advances to front of stage and sings.)

#### Song

While I strolled alone last night, I overheard a tune: Just an old-time melody Like mother used to croon.

#### Chorus

When I hear a lullaby, It brings back home, sweet home; 'Tis then I sigh for days gone by, No matter where I roam. Dear old Swanee shore.

There I long to be once more; When I hear a lullaby, It brings back home, sweet home.

(If an encore is required, the entire company may repeat the chorus softly, singing it as a quartet. The soloist then takes his seat.)

INTER. Are you still in the plumbing business, Mr. Case? CASE. Yes.

INTER. Then why don't you come up to my house and fix the pipes? My cellar is full of water.

Case. I haven't got time.

INTER. You could come up at night.

Case. No, sir! The union allows me to work only eight hours a day.

INTER. Nonsense! Two years ago you were working sixteen hours a day.

CASE. Oh, well, I belonged to two unions then.

INTER. As I say, my cellar is full of water. What do you advise me to do?

Case. I advise you to keep ducks.

INTER. No foolishness, Mr. Case. Why don't you send your assistant to fix the pipes? That tall fellow is your assistant, isn't he?

CASE. Yes. Say, isn't he tall? He's so tall that he has to stand on a ladder to shave himself.

INTER. He is also bald-headed.

CASE. He is. He's so bald-headed that he can get his hair cut without taking off his hat.

Inter. And cross-eyed.

Case. Yes. He's so cross-eyed that when we sit down to dinner together, he eats off my plate.

INTER. Well, why don't you send him over to fix up my pipes?

Case. No use. He's too absent-minded.

INTER. Absent-minded?

Case. Yes, he's terribly absent-minded. We had a contract to put in water and gas in a new house. I sent him

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INTER. The trouble with you is, you are not up and coming. When some fellow quits his job you should be Johnnie-

on-the-spot and jump right into his place.

FITCH. Is that so? Well, let me tell you something. The other day one of the men working on the docks was pushed into the water and was drowned. I saw them taking him out, and right away I was Johnnie-on-the-spot. I ran up to the contractor's office, and I said, "Jim Smith has been pushed into the lake. He's drowned, and I want his job." The contractor said, "You're too late. I just gave it to the fellow who pushed him in."

INTER. What are you doing now?

FITCH. I'm planting birdseed and raising birds.

INTER. How do you manage to make both ends meet? FITCH. I don't. But my wife works in a sausage factory,

and in a sausage factory you have to make both ends meat.

INTER. I heard that you were going to New York.

FITCH. Yes, I am going to New York to try and market my new invention, the Fitch windshield.

INTER. So you have invented a windshield for automobiles, have you?

FITCH. No, it's a windshield for eating grape fruit.

INTER. You had better stay away from New York. You'll have your pockets picked before you have been on Broadway twenty minutes. I know. I was born in New York.

FITCH. So you were born in New York? Have you any brothers or sisters?

INTER. Five brothers and four sisters; and I am the youngest. I was the tenth child.

FITCH. That accounts for it. I've got a doctor's book at home that says every tenth child born in New York is feebleminded.

INTER. (angrily). Mr. Fitch, are you trying to start a fight with me?

FITCH. No, I don't want to fight with you. My wife doesn't like me to fight.

INTER. (sneeringly). That is a very poor excuse. Your wife would never know about it.

FITCH. Yes, she would. She would be sure to find it out if I fought with you.

INTER. How?

FITCH. Well you see, we live on the same street as you, and my wife would see the doctor going to your house.

You are hard-boiled, aren't you?

Well. I'd rather be hard-boiled than half-baked. FITCH.

(Rises.)

INTER. (getting up and going over to FITCH). Mr. Fitch, vou have insulted me several times this evening. Now I am going to show you something. You say that you are going to New York. I will show you what will happen the moment you strike that city. (Takes FITCH's watch from his pocket.) Some one will rob you of your valuables as easily as they would take candy from a baby.

FITCH. Oh, I guess that I can take care of myself.

Is that so? Here's your watch! (Hands him

the watch.)
FITCH. Thanks. Here's yours. (Hands Interlocutor his watch.)

(Note.—Fitch must extract watch from Interlocu-TOR'S left hand waistcoat pocket, while the latter is removing FITCH's watch. They must stand very close together, so that this business is not seen by the audience.)

INTER. (rising and announcing). Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Clarence Wheeler Wilcox will favor us with a song, "Dreams, Dreams, Dreams."

(Soloist comes down stage and sings "Dreams, Dreams, Dreams.")

#### Sona

Each night when purple shadows fall, I wander all alone. And dream of days to come when I Can call you all my own.

INTER. The trouble with you is, you are not up and coming. When some fellow quits his job you should be Johnnie-

on-the-spot and jump right into his place.

FITCH. Is that so? Well, let me tell you something. The other day one of the men working on the docks was pushed into the water and was drowned. I saw them taking him out, and right away I was Johnnie-on-the-spot. I ran up to the contractor's office, and I said, "Jim Smith has been pushed into the lake. He's drowned, and I want his job." The contractor said, "You're too late. I just gave it to the fellow who pushed him in."

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FITCH. So you were born in New York? Have you any brothers or sisters?

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FITCH. Yes, she would. She would be sure to find it out

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INTER. How?

FITCH. Well you see, we live on the same street as you, and my wife would see the doctor going to your house.

INTER. You are hard-boiled, aren't you?

FITCH. Well, I'd rather be hard-boiled than half-baked.

(Rises.)

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(Soloist comes down stage and sings "Dreams, Dreams, Dreams,")

#### Song

Each night when purple shadows fall, I wander all alone,
And dream of days to come when I
Can call you all my own.

#### Chorus

Dreams, dreams, dreams, That's all that they may be; Dreams, dreams, dreams, Just idle phantasy; But love sometimes discloses A pathway lined with roses, And shows the way to happiness In days that are to be.

(If an encore is needed, the chorus may be repeated softly as a double male quartet, or may be sung by soloist with soft humming accompaniment in all four parts, by the entire company.)

INTER. Gentlemen, I want each one of you to tell me the name of the town that he was born in.

ALT. Woonsocket.

Bangs. Dwyer. Case. Wooster.

DUNN. Nantucket.

ELDRIDGE. St. Thomas.

FITCH. Minneapolis.

INTER. Thank you. (To audience.) Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to introduce a novelty: a limerick contest. Each one of the end men will compose a limerick to rime with the name of his home town.

FITCH (with his hand to his head). Oh, boy, Minneapolis!

INTER. The winner is to receive a cocoanut. Begin, Mr. Alt.

ALT.

A certain young man from Woonsocket Had a watch and a chain and a locket. Played the races one day, And when he came away. All he had was his hands in his pocket.

INTER. Very good, Mr. Alt.

ALT. Very good, nothing. It was perfect!

INTER. Mr. Bangs, you're next. Dwyer, I think you said.

BANGS.

There was a young lady from Dwyer, Who tried to sing higher and higher.

The confounded note Stuck fast in her throat, And they fired her out of the choir.

INTER. She should have sung bass. Your turn, Mr. Case.

CASE.

There was an old lady in Wooster
Had a beautiful Rhode Island rooster.
She cut off his head,
And now that he's dead,
He don't crow a bit like he useter.

INTER. He should have developed his chest tones. Nantucket is your home town, Mr. Dunn.

Dunn.

There was a young girl in Nantucket
Had a bustle as big as a bucket.
She filled it with oats.
Two naughty young goats
Snuck right up behind her and tuck it.

INTER. Not so good! Bustles haven't been worn since the World's Fair. St. Thomas is your town, Mr. Eldridge. A very beautiful town, at that. For picturesqueness it has no equal.

ELDRIDGE. That isn't all that it hasn't got. It hasn't got any rime. St. Thomas is the hardest name in the world to make a limerick about.

FITCH. Listen, St. Thomas; did you hear mine? Minneapolis!

INTER. Do your best, Mr. Eldridge.

#### Chorus

Dreams, dreams, dreams,
That's all that they may be;
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tucket is your home town, Mr. Dunn.

Should you miss your fowl, Remember how you got'em; Don't commence to howl! O brethern! O sistern! Dat's a coon's doxology!"

(For an encore, the entire company may join Dunn in repeating the chorus. At close of song, he resumes his seat in the circle.)

INTER. Well, Mr. Bangs, are you still working a farm?

Bangs. Yes.

INTER. How are you getting along?

BANGS. I'm holding my own.

INTER. Still holding your own? That's good.

BANGS. Yes, I had nothing when I started, and I've still got it.

INTER. Do you raise many hogs?

BANGS. Hogs? Why, I don't raise hogs.

INTER. You used to raise them when I spent my vacation with you.

BANGS. Oh, that was two years ago. There hasn't been a

hog on the farm since you left.

INTER. (angrily). Are you insinuating that I am a hog? BANGS. No, no. You've got me wrong. That isn't what I meant. Why, it was only the other day I had an argument about that very thing. My hired man said that you weren't fit to eat with the hogs, and I stuck up for you.

INTER. I'm glad to hear that. What did you say?

BANGS. I said that you were.

INTER. I never liked that hired man. I could do more work in a minute around a farm that he could do all day.

BANGS. Can you do farm work?

INTER. Certainly. I am an excellent farm hand. There isn't anything that is done on a farm that I can't do.

BANGS. Is that so? You can do anything that is done on a farm.

INTER. Absolutely.

BANGS. Can you lay an egg? Had an accident down on

There I long to be once more; When I hear a lullaby, It brings back home, sweet home.

(If an encore is required, the entire company may repeat the chorus softly, singing it as a quartet. The soloist then takes his seat.)

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INTER. Then why don't you come up to my house and fix the pipes? My cellar is full of water.

CASE. I haven't got time.

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Nonsense! Two years ago you were working INTER. sixteen hours a day.

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CASE. I advise you to keep ducks.

INTER. No foolishness, Mr. Case. Why don't you send your assistant to fix the pipes? That tall fellow is your assistant, isn't he?

Yes. Say, isn't he tall? He's so tall that he has to stand on a ladder to shave himself.

He is also bald-headed.

INTER.

CASE. He is. He's so bald-headed that he can get his hair cut without taking off his hat.

Inter. And cross-eyed.

Yes. He's so cross-eyed that when we sit down to dinner together, he eats off my plate.

INTER. Well, why don't you send him over to fix up my pipes?

No use. He's too absent-minded. Case.

INTER. Absent-minded?

CASE. Yes, he's terribly absent-minded. We had a contract to put in water and gas in a new house. I sent him

INTER. The trouble with you is, you are not up and coming. When some fellow quits his job you should be Johnnie-on-the-spot and jump right into his place.

FITCH. Is that so? Well, let me tell you something. The other day one of the men working on the docks was pushed into the water and was drowned. I saw them taking him out, and right away I was Johnnie-on-the-spot. I ran up to the contractor's office, and I said, "Jim Smith has been pushed into the lake. He's drowned, and I want his job." The contractor said, "You're too late. I just gave it to the fellow who pushed him in."

INTER. What are you doing now?

FITCH. I'm planting birdseed and raising birds.

INTER. How do you manage to make both ends meet? FITCH. I don't. But my wife works in a sausage factory, and in a sausage factory you have to make both ends meat.

INTER. I heard that you were going to New York.

FITCH. Yes, I am going to New York to try and market my new invention, the Fitch windshield.

INTER. So you have invented a windshield for automobiles, have you?

FITCH. No, it's a windshield for eating grape fruit.

INTER. You had better stay away from New York. You'll have your pockets picked before you have been on Broadway twenty minutes. I know. I was born in New York.

FITCH. So you were born in New York? Have you any brothers or sisters?

INTER. Five brothers and four sisters; and I am the youngest. I was the tenth child.

FITCH. That accounts for it. I've got a doctor's book at home that says every tenth child born in New York is feebleminded.

INTER. (angrily). Mr. Fitch, are you trying to start a fight with me?

FITCH. No, I don't want to fight with you. My wife doesn't like me to fight.

INTER. (sneeringly). That is a very poor excuse. Your wife would never know about it.

FITCH. Yes, she would. She would be sure to find it out if I fought with you.

INTER. How?

FITCH. Well you see, we live on the same street as you, and my wife would see the doctor going to your house.

INTER. You are hard-boiled, aren't you?

FITCH. Well, I'd rather be hard-boiled than half-baked. (Rises.)

INTER. (getting up and going over to FITCH). Mr. Fitch, you have insulted me several times this evening. Now I am going to show you something. You say that you are going to New York. I will show you what will happen the moment you strike that city. (Takes FITCH's watch from his pocket.) Some one will rob you of your valuables as easily as they would take candy from a baby.

FITCH. Oh, I guess that I can take care of myself.

INTER. Is that so? Here's your watch! (Hands him the watch.)

FITCH. Thanks. Here's yours. (Hands Interlocutor his watch.)

(Note.—Fitch must extract watch from Interlocutor's left hand waistcoat pocket, while the latter is removing Fitch's watch. They must stand very close together, so that this business is not seen by the audience.)

INTER. (rising and announcing). Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Clarence Wheeler Wilcox will favor us with a song, "Dreams, Dreams, Dreams."

(Soloist comes down stage and sings "Dreams, Dreams, Dreams,")

#### Song

Each night when purple shadows fall, I wander all alone,
And dream of days to come when I
Can call you all my own.

INTER. The trouble with you is, you are not up and coming. When some fellow quits his job you should be Johnnie-

on-the-spot and jump right into his place.

FITCH. Is that so? Well, let me tell you something. The other day one of the men working on the docks was pushed into the water and was drowned. I saw them taking him out, and right away I was Johnnie-on-the-spot. I ran up to the contractor's office, and I said, "Jim Smith has been pushed into the lake. He's drowned, and I want his job." The contractor said, "You're too late. I just gave it to the fellow who pushed him in."

INTER. What are you doing now?

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INTER. How do you manage to make both ends meet? FITCH. I don't. But my wife works in a sausage factory, and in a sausage factory you have to make both ends meat.

INTER. I heard that you were going to New York.

FITCH. Yes, I am going to New York to try and market my new invention, the Fitch windshield.

INTER. So you have invented a windshield for automobiles, have you?

FITCH. No, it's a windshield for eating grape fruit.

INTER. You had better stay away from New York. You'll have your pockets picked before you have been on Broadway twenty minutes. I know. I was born in New York.

FITCH. So you were born in New York? Have you any brothers or sisters?

INTER. Five brothers and four sisters; and I am the youngest. I was the tenth child.

FITCH. That accounts for it. I've got a doctor's book at home that says every tenth child born in New York is feebleminded.

INTER. (angrily). Mr. Fitch, are you trying to start a fight with me?

FITCH. No, I don't want to fight with you. My wife doesn't like me to fight.

INTER. (sneeringly). That is a very poor excuse. Your wife would never know about it.

FITCH. Yes, she would. She would be sure to find it out

if I fought with you.

INTER. How?

FITCH. Well you see, we live on the same street as you, and my wife would see the doctor going to your house.

INTER. You are hard-boiled, aren't you?

FITCH. Well, I'd rather be hard-boiled than half-baked.

(Rises.)

INTER. (getting up and going over to FITCH). Mr. Fitch, you have insulted me several times this evening. Now I am going to show you something. You say that you are going to New York. I will show you what will happen the moment you strike that city. (Takes FITCH's watch from his pocket.) Some one will rob you of your valuables as easily as they would take candy from a baby.

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(Soloist comes down stage and sings "Dreams, Dreams, Dreams,")

#### Song

Each night when purple shadows fall, I wander all alone,
And dream of days to come when I
Can call you all my own.

#### Chorus

Dreams, dreams, dreams, That's all that they may be; Dreams, dreams, dreams, Just idle phantasy: But love sometimes discloses A pathway lined with roses, And shows the way to happiness In days that are to be.

(If an encore is needed, the chorus may be repeated softly as a double male quartet, or may be sung by soloist with soft humming accompaniment in all four parts, by the entire company.)

INTER. Gentlemen, I want each one of you to tell me the name of the town that he was born in.

ALT. Woonsocket.

Bangs. Dwyer.

CASE. Wooster.

DUNN. Nantucket.

ELDRIDGE. St. Thomas.

FITCH. Minneapolis.

INTER. Thank you. (To audience.) Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to introduce a novelty: a limerick contest. Each one of the end men will compose a limerick to rime with the name of his home town.

FITCH (with his hand to his head). Oh, boy, Minneapolis!

INTER. The winner is to receive a cocoanut. Begin, Mr. A1t

ALT.

A certain young man from Woonsocket Had a watch and a chain and a locket. Played the races one day, And when he came away, All he had was his hands in his pocket.

INTER. Very good, Mr. Alt.

ALT. Very good, nothing. It was perfect!

INTER. Mr. Bangs, you're next. Dwyer, I think you said.

#### BANGS.

There was a young lady from Dwyer, Who tried to sing higher and higher. The confounded note

Stuck fast in her throat, And they fired her out of the choir.

INTER. She should have sung bass. Your turn, Mr. Case.

#### CASE.

There was an old lady in Wooster
Had a beautiful Rhode Island rooster.
She cut off his head,
And now that he's dead,
He don't crow a bit like he useter.

INTER. He should have developed his chest tones. Nantucket is your home town, Mr. Dunn.

#### DUNN.

There was a young girl in Nantucket
Had a bustle as big as a bucket.
She filled it with oats.
Two naughty young goats
Snuck right up behind her and tuck it.

INTER. Not so good! Bustles haven't been worn since the World's Fair. St. Thomas is your town, Mr. Eldridge. A very beautiful town, at that. For picturesqueness it has no equal.

ELDRIDGE. That isn't all that it hasn't got. It hasn't got any rime. St. Thomas is the hardest name in the world to make a limerick about.

FITCH. Listen, St. Thomas; did you hear mine? Minneapolis!

INTER. Do your best, Mr. Eldridge.

#### Chorus

Dreams, dreams, dreams,
That's all that they may be;
Dreams, dreams, dreams,
Just idle phantasy;
But love sometimes discloses
A pathway lined with roses,
And shows the way to happiness
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INTER. Very good, Mr. Alt.

ALT. Very good, nothing. It was perfect!

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INTER. She should have sung bass. Your turn, Mr. Case.

#### CASE.

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FITCH. Listen, St. Thomas; did you hear mine? Minneapolis!

INTER. Do your best, Mr. Eldridge.

Should you miss your fowl, Remember how you got'em; Don't commence to how!! O brethern! O sistern! Dat's a coon's doxology!"

(For an encore, the entire company may join Dunn in repeating the chorus. At close of song, he resumes his seat in the circle.)

INTER. Well, Mr. Bangs, are you still working a farm? BANGS. Yes.

INTER. How are you getting along?

BANGS. I'm holding my own.

INTER. Still holding your own? That's good.

BANGS. Yes, I had nothing when I started, and I've still got it.

INTER. Do you raise many hogs?

BANGS. Hogs? Why, I don't raise hogs.

INTER. You used to raise them when I spent my vacation with you.

Bangs. Oh, that was two years ago. There hasn't been a

hog on the farm since you left.

INTER. (angrily). Are you insinuating that I am a hog? BANGS. No, no. You've got me wrong. That isn't what I meant. Why, it was only the other day I had an argument about that very thing. My hired man said that you weren't fit to eat with the hogs, and I stuck up for you.

INTER. I'm glad to hear that. What did you say?

Bangs. I said that you were.

INTER. I never liked that hired man. I could do more work in a minute around a farm that he could do all day.

BANGS. Can you do farm work?

Certainly. I am an excellent farm hand. isn't anything that is done on a farm that I can't do.

BANGS. Is that so? You can do anything that is done on a farm.

INTER. Absolutely.

ALT. Very good, nothing. It was perfect!

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BANGS. Is that so? You can do anything that is done on a farm.

INTER. Absolutely.

the farm about six months ago. A mule kicked me. Broke a leg.

INTER. That's too bad. Which leg was broken?

BANGS. Mine.

INTER. Serves you right for keeping that old mule. He isn't worth what it costs you to feed him.

BANGS. It doesn't cost anything to feed him. He eats excelsior.

INTER. Excelsior? You mean those shavings that come in packing cases? I didn't suppose that a mule would eat shavings.

BANGS. Oh, he doesn't know it is shavings. I put a pair of green spectacles on him, and he thinks it's hay.

INTER. Well, there is one good thing about a farmer: he is independent. Everything he uses he raises right on his farm.

BANGS. Is that so? Listen: I am awakened every morning by an alarm clock that was made in La Salle, Illinois. I get up, put on a pair of boots that were made in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and a pair of overalls that came from Rochester, New York. I eat breakfast food made in Battle Creek, Michigan, covered with cream from Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. I take a milk pail from Birmingham, Alabama, and milk a cow that came from New Jersey. I take a set of harness made in Memphis, Tennessee, put it on a horse from Belgium, hitch it to a plow that was manufactured in South Bend, Indiana, and plow for eight hours by a watch that was made in Waterbury, Connecticut. I fry some ham that was packed in Omaha, Nebraska, on a stove that was made in St. Louis, Missouri, and drink some coffee that came from Rio, Brazil. I put some gas from Tulsa, Oklahoma. and some oil from Oil City, Pennsylvania, in a flivver that was made in Detroit, and I drive into town to buy a cigar that was rolled in Tampa, Florida. I see a movie that was shot in Hollywood, California, come home, and fall into a bed that was made in Grand Rapids, Michigan. The only thing on that farm that was made there is the mortgage; and Should you miss your fowl, Remember how you got'em; Don't commence to how!!

O brethern! O sistern! Dat's a coon's doxology!"

(For an encore, the entire company may join Dunn in repeating the chorus. At close of song, he resumes his seat in the circle.)

INTER. Well, Mr. Bangs, are you still working a farm? BANGS. Yes.

INTER. How are you getting along?

BANGS. I'm holding my own.

INTER. Still holding your own? That's good.

BANGS. Yes, I had nothing when I started, and I've still got it.

Do you raise many hogs? INTER.

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INTER. You used to raise them when I spent my vacation with you.

Bangs. Oh, that was two years ago. There hasn't been a

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INTER. I'm glad to hear that. What did you say?

Bangs. I said that you were.

I never liked that hired man. I could do more work in a minute around a farm that he could do all day.

Can you do farm work?

INTER. Certainly. I am an excellent farm hand. There isn't anything that is done on a farm that I can't do.

BANGS. Is that so? You can do anything that is done on a farm.

INTER. Absolutely.

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Washington.

INTER. (rising and announcing). Mr. Augustus Darlington will oblige with a song, "Gee! I Wish I Had a Sweetheart Just like You."

(Soloist comes down center to front and begins song.)

Song

Ev'ry day I pine For some one all mine; And in all my dreams It's some one like you, it seems.

#### Chorus

Gee! I wish I had a sweetheart
Just like you, you, you;
Just some one to cheer me always,
'Stead of feeling blue.
I'd be awf'ly good and loving
If the one I mean would, too;
Gee! I wish I had a sweetheart
Just like you, you, you.

(If an encore is demanded, the soloist may sing second stanza and a double male quartet may join him in singing the chorus. The soloist should be careful not to force his encore, or he will tire the audience. The dialogue should be resumed briskly, the minute the applause subsides.)

ALT. Speaking about absent-minded people reminds me of a friend of mine. He's a lawyer, and whenever he goes out to lunch he pins a notice on his office door: "Gone to lunch. Be back in fifteen minutes." The other day he had lunch, returned to his office, saw the notice he had pinned on the door, sat down on the steps, and waited two hours for himself to come back.

BANGS. That isn't anything. Wait till I tell you about a man that I know. He came home one night and kissed his wife—

ALT. Very good, nothing. It was perfect!

INTER. Mr. Bangs, you're next. Dwyer, I think you said.

BANGS.

There was a young lady from Dwyer, Who tried to sing higher and higher. The confounded note

Stuck fast in her throat, And they fired her out of the choir.

INTER. She should have sung bass. Your turn, Mr. Case.

CASE.

There was an old lady in Wooster
Had a beautiful Rhode Island rooster.
She cut off his head,
And now that he's dead,
He don't crow a bit like he useter.

INTER. He should have developed his chest tones. Nantucket is your home town, Mr. Dunn.

DUNN.

There was a young girl in Nantucket
Had a bustle as big as a bucket.
She filled it with oats.
Two naughty young goats
Snuck right up behind her and tuck it.

INTER. Not so good! Bustles haven't been worn since the World's Fair. St. Thomas is your town, Mr. Eldridge. A very beautiful town, at that. For picturesqueness it has no equal.

ELDRIDGE. That isn't all that it hasn't got. It hasn't got any rime. St. Thomas is the hardest name in the world to make a limerick about.

FITCH. Listen, St. Thomas; did you hear mine? Minneapolis!

INTER. Do your best, Mr. Eldridge.

#### Chorus

Dreams, dreams, dreams,
That's all that they may be;
Dreams, dreams, dreams,
Just idle phantasy;
But love sometimes discloses
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(If an encore is needed, the chorus may be repeated softly as a double male quartet, or may be sung by soloist with soft humming accompaniment in all four parts, by the entire company.)

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ALT. Woonsocket.

Bangs. Dwyer.

Case. Wooster.

Dunn. Nantucket.

ELDRIDGE. St. Thomas:

FITCH. Minneapolis.

INTER. Thank you. (To audience.) Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to introduce a novelty: a limerick contest. Each one of the end men will compose a limerick to rime with the name of his home town.

FITCH (with his hand to his head). Oh, boy, Minneapolis!

INTER. The winner is to receive a cocoanut. Begin, Mr. Alt.

ALT.

A certain young man from Woonsocket Had a watch and a chain and a locket.

Played the races one day,
And when he came away,
All he had was his hands in his pocket.

INTER. Very good, Mr. Alt.

ALT. Very good, nothing. It was perfect!

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(For an encore, the entire company may join Dunn in repeating the chorus. At close of song, he resumes his seat in the circle.)

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INTER. Well, there is one good thing about a farmer: he is independent. Everything he uses he raises right on his farm.

Bangs. Is that so? Listen: I am awakened every morning by an alarm clock that was made in La Salle, Illinois. I get up, put on a pair of boots that were made in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and a pair of overalls that came Rochester, New York. I eat breakfast food made in Battle Creek, Michigan, covered with cream from Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. I take a milk pail from Birmingham, Alabama, and milk a cow that came from New Jersey. I take a set of harness made in Memphis, Tennessee, put it on a horse from Belgium, hitch it to a plow that was manufactured in South Bend, Indiana, and plow for eight hours by a watch that was made in Waterbury, Connecticut. I fry some ham that was packed in Omaha, Nebraska, on a stove that was made in St. Louis, Missouri, and drink some coffee that came from Rio, Brazil. I put some gas from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and some oil from Oil City, Pennsylvania, in a flivver that was made in Detroit, and I drive into town to buy a cigar that was rolled in Tampa, Florida. I see a movie that was shot in Hollywood, California, come home, and fall into a bed that was made in Grand Rapids, Michigan. The only thing on that farm that was made there is the mortgage; and Should you miss your fowl, Remember how you got'em; Don't commence to howl!

O brethern! O sistern!
Dat's a coon's doxology!"

(For an encore, the entire company may join Dunn in repeating the chorus. At close of song, he resumes his seat in the circle.)

INTER. Well, Mr. Bangs, are you still working a farm? BANGS. Yes.

INTER. How are you getting along?

BANGS. I'm holding my own.

INTER. Still holding your own? That's good.

BANGS. Yes, I had nothing when I started, and I've still got it.

INTER. Do you raise many hogs?

BANGS. Hogs? Why, I don't raise hogs.

INTER. You used to raise them when I spent my vacation with you.

BANGS. Oh, that was two years ago. There hasn't been a

hog on the farm since you left.

INTER. (angrily). Are you insinuating that I am a hog? BANGS. No, no. You've got me wrong. That isn't what I meant. Why, it was only the other day I had an argument about that very thing. My hired man said that you weren't fit to eat with the hogs, and I stuck up for you.

INTER. I'm glad to hear that. What did you say?

Bangs. I said that you were.

INTER. I never liked that hired man. I could do more work in a minute around a farm that he could do all day.

BANGS. Can you do farm work?

INTER. Certainly. I am an excellent farm hand. There isn't anything that is done on a farm that I can't do.

BANGS. Is that so? You can do anything that is done on a farm.

INTER. Absolutely.

the farm about six months ago. A mule kicked me. Broke a leg.

INTER. · That's too bad. Which leg was broken?

BANGS. Mine.

INTER. Serves you right for keeping that old mule. He isn't worth what it costs you to feed him.

BANGS. It doesn't cost anything to feed him. He eats excelsior.

INTER. Excelsior? You mean those shavings that come in packing cases? I didn't suppose that a mule would eat shavings.

BANGS. Oh, he doesn't know it is shavings. I put a pair of green spectacles on him, and he thinks it's hay.

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Washington.

INTER. (rising and announcing). Mr. Augustus Darlington will oblige with a song, "Gee! I Wish I Had a Sweetheart Just like You."

(Soloist comes down center to front and begins song.)

Song

Ev'ry day I pine For some one all mine; And in all my dreams It's some one like you, it seems.

#### Chorus

Gee! I wish I had a sweetheart
Just like you, you, you;
Just some one to cheer me always,
'Stead of feeling blue.
I'd be awf'ly good and loving
If the one I mean would, too;
Gee! I wish I had a sweetheart
Just like you, you, you.

(If an encore is demanded, the soloist may sing second stanza and a double male quartet may join him in singing the chorus. The soloist should be careful not to force his encore, or he will tire the audience. The dialogue should be resumed briskly, the minute the applause subsides.)

ALT. Speaking about absent-minded people reminds me of a friend of mine. He's a lawyer, and whenever he goes out to lunch he pins a notice on his office door: "Gone to lunch. Be back in fifteen minutes." The other day he had lunch, returned to his office, saw the notice he had pinned on the door, sat down on the steps, and waited two hours for himself to come back.

BANGS. That isn't anything. Wait till I tell you about a man that I know. He came home one night and kissed his wife—

INTER. He certainly must have been absent-minded.

BANGS. Wait! His wife said, "Why, George, that is the first time that you have kissed me in six months." And George said, "Good Lord! Whom have I been kissing then?"

INTER. I imagine that his wife told him something that

cured him of being absent-minded.

Case. My assistant and I were out in my flivver yesterday. Sometimes I drive it, and sometimes he drives it. But on this occasion he was driving; and, say, I never rode so fast in all my life. We were tearing along at sixty miles an hour, missing telegraph poles by the fraction of an inch and going around corners on one wheel. I couldn't stand any more of it, so I yelled, "Henry, for the love of Mike, slow down! You're going too fast!" He looked at me in astonishment and said, "Am I doing this? Great Scott, I thought that you were driving!"

INTER. Interesting, if true. Mr. Dunn, do you know any

absent-minded persons?

DUNN. You bet. We have one in our family. My father is the most absent-minded man in the world. The other night he came home late, put his false teeth under his pillow, dropped his gold watch into a glass of water, put out the clock, wound up the cat, put his hat to bed, hung himself up on the hatrack, and went to sleep.

INTER. I think that we had better put a stop to this right now.

ELDRIDGE. Hold on! I know one about an absent-minded man, Professor Begum. He's short-sighted as well as absent-minded. The other day, the wind blew his hat off and sent it whirling down the street. The professor galloped after it. The hat went over a fence; so did the professor. An hour later, the lady who owned the place saw a man dashing around her yard. "What are you doing?" yelled the lady. "I'm chasing my hat," panted the professor. "You are not," said the lady. "It isn't your hat that you are chasing. It's my little black hen!"

INTER. (rising). The next number will be a song by—Fitch (rising). No, you don't! You let those fellows

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INTER. (rising). The next number will be a song by— FITCH (rising). No, you don't! You let those fellows

### Song

I'm here to tell about the girl I left behind; I'm talking of her all the day; Sometimes I'm talking to myself, but I don't mind; It's funny when one feels that way.

#### Chorus

My Trixie from Dixie! Can I forget her? Nixie! She's my inspiration from the land o' Lee; Athletic, magnetic, poetic, sympathetic, A direct descendant of the F. F. V. A beauty, a cutey, a highborn root-te-tootie, She can play cornet, you bet, to beat the band; An original creation, full of love and animation, Is my Trixie from Dixieland.

(Entire company repeat chorus at end of song. If encore is demanded, soloist may sing second stanza and chorus, with repetition as before.)

INTER. (rising and announcing). Clear the deck for the finale!

(The orchestra starts the introduction briskly and all the company sing with great vigor.)

#### Finale

We have all enjoyed this evening,
And we hope that you have, too.
You may have heard some harmony
That sounded rather blue.
For it really doesn't matter,
And when all is said and done,
Laugh while you may; it's in the play,
When all is said and done.

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